The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life—
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out—
Man-like have you questioned me;
Now, stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as His heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef—
I require a far greater thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and for shirt,
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the Maker God,
Shall look upon as he did on the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the blooms of May?

Is your heart an ocean as strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she becomes a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook
You can hire, and a little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won in that way.

CARNIVAL TIME.

The maiden was lovely and fair to see,
Had money in purse, and lands in fee,
She soon would have been a young man's bride,
But, in carnival time she died—
And they made a grave in the frost and rime
And buried her there, in carnival time.

The maskers were loud in square and street,
The palaces shook to the dancer's feet,
And wild and sweet with shout and song
Rang the whole fair city, the whole day long,
But she lay dead in her maiden prime,
Cold and silent, in carnival time.

For there came a guest through the crowded hall,
At masque and banquet, in bower and hall,
A quiet, shrouded, silent guest,
And he judges wisely, and chooses the best—
And whoever be wanting, masquer or mime,
He's never missing, in carnival time.

MARY AYRAULT CRAIG.

THE WRECK.

The ocean sang to my heart last night,
When I folded my hands in rest,
The tune as sweet as the mother sings,
To the child upon her breast.

But to-day it wails like a funeral dirge,
As they tell in the quiet town,
How an English ship with land in sight,
With a hundred souls went down.

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

Our Special Contributors.

AMERICAN WOMEN WHO DRINK.

The press has lately been agitating to a considerable extent the question as to whether intemperance among women is increasing so much as some of the published statements of physicians and others would lead us to suppose, and from my own observation I am compelled to believe that this vice is growing to such an alarming extent that unless it is checked, and that speedily, the next generation will be born drunkards, and die drunkards. Even as I write there comes over me the recollection of a bright, *piquant* little lady in Washington, the mother of a lovely boy, the wife of a good, kind husband, whom we all liked, and who was the life of any party she joined, and of home. We ladies used to wonder why her husband would never allow her to enter the general parlor where we all sat in the evening, sometimes entertained for hours by the interesting conversation of Mrs. Gaine's and other witty ladies. We thought he was rather strict with his bright young wife, but afterwards found he was right, for she was addicted to drinking intoxicating liquors. I refused to believe it at first, until one evening when she had stolen into the parlor, she executed a *can-can* before a minister of the government, when my faith in her began to waver; but not until the day of our departure when I went to her room to say good-bye was I convinced that she really was a slave to the demon. She met us at the door with a stagger, her dress disarranged, and with her tongue so thick she could scarcely utter the farewell words that come to her lips. I left her, sick at heart, saying, "God pity that little family." She had alcoholic drink prescribed to her by a physician, and that is how she became a drunkard. Two other cases are within a stone's throw of me at this moment. One a married lady in good position, with two children, who frequently appears at the public table of her hotel grossly intoxicated, eats in a disgusting manner, and makes hideous faces at the waiters. Her husband, a meek, patient, sober man, still loves her, and shields her from the effects of this unfortunate habit, as far as lies in his power, only the look of suffering in his eyes tells of his martyrdom. The other is a young married lady, the wife of an officer, who, when sober, is a bright conversationalist; when intoxicated is a coarse, unrefined woman, devoid of modesty or honor, and, with sorrow I say it, she is more frequently drunk than sober. Her husband is no better, and while she parades the streets with other gentlemen he is reported to be equally engaged with other ladies; and I have no doubt her infidelity was caused by intemperance, though I cannot tell how she first came to acquire this appetite for strong drink. In New York there is a lady formerly in high standing, who has become a confirmed inebriate. Her mother, a very distinguished lady, has done all that affection could suggest to reclaim her, but all in vain. I wonder what kind of a woman her daughter will make? And now I come to a case so sad that it makes my heart ache to think of it—a lady born and bred in the most refined circles of a neighboring city, possessed of an uncommon share of personal beauty, fascinating in her manners, well educated, and who ought to be the pride of her husband, but is not. She was married when a child almost, and her mate has outgrown his affection for her, or more likely he married her money instead of her. She has been a great sufferer from neuralgia, and her physicians have prescribed stimulants until she is slowly but surely drifting into intemperance. I have remonstrated with her several times, but with no effect, as she will not believe *she* is in any danger, yet I have seen her, if not positively intoxicated, at least very much affected by liquor. I believe the poor creature feels that it is not much matter whether she drifts into drunkenness or not. She has been blackened and bruised by blows from the man who should protect her; has submitted to all kinds of outrages at his hands; and while she does not pretend to love him, still continues to live with him for the sake of her children, two beautiful daughters, three years of age. When asked by a friend why she did not leave him, and try to support herself, she replied that she did not have health and strength enough to battle single-handed with the world, and that her husband said if she did so, he would have the children, in spite of the law, and would hide them where she would never see them again. So she suffers on, and drowns her pain in drink, and is floating out on the great sea of intemperance, whose advancing tide will, sooner or later, drown her womanhood and leave her a wreck of her present self.

Now, these cases I know of, and though not old, I can remember a time when a drunken woman among the better classes was an unknown thing. Dr. Anstie may advocate moderate drinking for women; but when I look around and see the evil effects of it, I feel as if I must lift my feeble voice against it, and entreat the women of this land to banish liquors totally from their homes, their tables and medicine chests.

It is true that many ladies in New York and Brooklyn had no wine upon their New Year tables; but these were the exceptions. Let them become the rule. Dr. Holmes says "temperance must not only be made respectable, but fashionable!" And now, will not the mothers rise up, and, by example or by making it "fashionable," fight this monster which is encircling not only their sons, but their fair young daughters, in its hateful embrace?

—Those ladies who have a passion for tea-parties should remember that tattle begins with T.

PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF!

BY F. S. CABOT.

The New York *Tribune*, has been seized with a sensational spasm of virtuous indignation about panel houses and gambling dens. Its reporters have laid before the public startling statements regarding notorious places and practices, with an air of discovery, as if their existence were not as well known to the police, and for that matter to everybody else, as that of Wall Street and Fisk, Jr. Does any sane man believe that any real good will be done by these exposures and the temporary activity of the police consequent upon them? A little incident will illustrate some of the peculiarities of the situation.

A policeman was asked if he thought the arrests would do any good? "No," said he with contemptuous derision, "They may keep quiet for a week or so. There," pointing to one of the keno dens, "is one of the places, but there were others known to the police that were not pulled, one for example at so and so, belonging to Alderman ——."

The writer heard this with his own ears. But if every gambling and every panel establishment in the city were to be broken up, it would not cure the evil so long as the roots, out of which they grow remain. All evils are but perverted goods and it is only by substituting for the evil its corresponding good that any radical cure can be effected. Legislation and repression never remedied any evil yet and never will.

And when woman has the ballot it will not be by voting that drunkenness, gambling, and licentiousness are crimes, and inflicting heavy penalties for the commission of them, that they will be abolished.

It is by teaching mankind (beginning with children, where woman's influence is all powerful) the causes of all these evils and the truths that antagonize them that permanent reformation will come. And no one thing is more certain than that no partial reform will avail. Is it conceivable that a society can suppress gambling in the keno or faro form, while it honors gambling in stocks and gold? Selling "short" and "long" is only a way of betting that prices will go up or down; and making a "corner" is exactly equivalent to playing with loaded dice. Yet the men who do these things in Wall street, especially if they give large sums to build churches, are honored, and their example held up as worthy of imitation. Even if a serious effort were to be made, (as nobody believes it will be) to suppress the vulgar gamblers and thieves, there would be more built up with the one hand that was pulled down with the other. So long as the whole system of commerce is based on the false maxim that "a thing is worth what it will bring," and no attempt is made to ascertain what constitutes justice and equality in all the exchanges of daily life, it is idle to suppose that the more evident evils can be done away with. To attempt to suppress gambling, thieving or prostitution by an occasional arrest of their functionaries, is as futile as it would be to undertake the cure of a fever by painting the skin of the patient, on the idea that the redness of the skin was the disease, and if that was concealed, all was well.

No! so long as the *Tribune* and the rest of us exemplary citizens uphold the false ideas, the inequitable principles, that underlie our social life, we only act as hypocrites when we

> "Compound for sins we are inclined to,
> By damning those we have no mind to."

So long as water runs and grass grows, if a woman can get by hard work the whole week long, barely enough to keep body and soul together, while by serving man's lusts, either in marriage or out of it, she can fare sumptuously every day, there will be plenty who will adopt the latter alternative.

Virtue can never be universal until it pays. Hard words you say, but true nevertheless. Let it be our task to see to it that in the highest sense of the word as well as the lowest, it shall pay. All the evils which we see and deprecate grow out of the antagonism of interests, the want of justice and the absence of love between man and man. They can be cured only by the establishment of society on the basis of friendship, which when universalized becomes love to God and love to man or religion, regulated by the laws of justice and equity discovered by the reason and constituting the science of life, giving perfect freedom to the play of all the affections of the human soul, which constitutes the art of life.

A RATHER POOR DODGE, AFTER ALL.

BY S.

The author of the "Battle of the Books," etc., etc., is now before the public in a series of articles in the New York *Independent* about which, it seems to us in this far-off place, the most forbearing might feel warranted in saying a plain word or two.

No one possessed of a fair judgment can regard them as an expression of the well-considered views of a thoughtful woman on a phase of the question of the enfranchisement of women, and they are so weak and witless that if we did not know something of the writer, it would be impossible to imagine why any one should want to write them. They might pass unnoticed, and, indeed, they would be very little read if Gail Hamilton's name did not stand at the head of them. The fact that she has written some very sprightly articles and chapters for books warrants people in believing there must be something in them. Why else would this smart woman write them? Very likely she writes these articles simply because the woman question has become one of general interest, and being prone to write something smart, she feels she will write smartly on this question, even if she knows nothing at all to write. Has she not had admiring readers, though as far back as the "New Atmosphere?" Is it not high time she should again? and is not this just the right question with which to succeed?

Well, it appears not, or there is some reason why she shouldn't again. We cannot think of a paper of any pretensions, except the Chicago *Advance*, that would receive such weak, trifling stuff if it were offered by an unknown writer.

That paper publishes everything that disparages womanly thought, effort, ability or aspiration. These articles in the *Independent* would exactly suit it. Strong in the quality of disparaging women, their wants and capabilities, and weak and stupid in every other, why, in the fitness of things, have they not appeared in the *Advance?*

It will be most gratifying to some we know, who, seven or eight years ago, read anything Gail Hamilton had to say with admiration, if they shall, by any of her future efforts, be relieved of the apprehension; but for some years she has been compelling them to feel that her occupation as a writer is gone. Everything she continues to write confirms this feeling more, and the most confirmatory is this last effort. When the "New Atmosphere" appeared, persons of good judgment said: "The writer of this bundle of sprightly chapters will one day produce a book." It is very questionable whether any one now entertains any such expectation. And more than this might be truthfully said: Her round of observation she has run, her fund of smartness is exhausted; the staple of her wit is spun out. Thus it happens to even pretty smart people who have no earnest purpose in life. It is a very small occupation, that of saying smart things of human weaknesses, and picking sharply at the flaws in the character of commonplace people.

Now, why should a smart and apparently very capable woman turn to barking and nipping at the heels of good, earnest women who are laboring for the elevation of her own sex? The sharpest noises and snaps—not to say the dullest and most cowardly, under cover of the disparagers of women—will not win much notice. It would be better to say nothing at all. There is nothing thoughtful, witty or even sprightly in these articles, but quite the reverse; and much of them is not true. Because she made a baby of herself in her affair with her publishers, does she think that all women who have a business transaction do the same? Why, we see women doing business every day, who have been trained to it, and who do it well—women working, who are trained to their particular work, and who do it well; and they are just as prompt and as reliable as men, and never think of asking any odds of them. And why is it that even the dullest person cannot see that women who keep house and rear children are not dependents or beneficiaries—are not supported or kept by their husbands? In God's name (for this makes us grow earnest; Gail Hamilton is here only too much like T. W. Higginson *and*, I believe, a good many others), if the laborer is worthy of his hire as a preacher, teacher, bookmaker, shoemaker, or housemaker, is the homemaker, and keeper the life-giver and soul-rearer a dependent—one who is *supported?* Gods, is there, then, that something in so many of us which is stronger than ye are? One of our Senators, a year or two ago, gave his wife $100,000 when she bore him a son.

But should such a gross consideration be thought of in connection with motherhood, the crown and glory of woman, which is its own reward! Well, it is somewhat this way with the producer of a good book, a noble work of art, and, in a degree, with every good work; but we do not hear it said that the grosser kind of recognition, viz.: pay in money, which gives independence and the power of carrying out one's own plans, should be withheld. St. Paul thought that such recognition should be paid even for spiritual benefits. Motherhood is transcendental of the highest rewards, *ergo*, the homekeeper and mother is a dependent, is kept! and during the considerable period of her life, through

which she fulfills her "normal condition," she is not a helpmate nor a co-worker in life with man, her husband, but a dependent who is to be "*supported*"!

But the twaddle in the *Independent* must not be even the occasion of our getting too much in earnest. Gail Hamilton may imagine she is doing earnest work possibly. But this is something she has yet to commence. She did a good many years ago go round the fringes of life in some places, deftly clipping off ragged thrums here and there with her sharp intellectual scissors; but her scissors have become quite dull and are loose at the hinge. If they won't cut thrums, as she can't find any more to cut, we advise her not to haggle the web that others are helping to weave. She might cut paper, say, into rows of miniature girls and boys to please the children.

Between the lines of Gail Hamilton's writing I think we can read: "It would be well to find something to write smartly about. Now, *I* receive all the recognition *I* want, or rather, *used* to receive. If these woman's rights women are to be everywhere recognized as doing a good work, I shall cut a sorry figure with the quips and squibs I have written, or rather, no figure at all. Well, a smart person such as I am, ought to be saying something, and the men, many of them, and the fashionable women, most of them, and a good many of the papers—these, if I say smart things about women, disparage them, etc., etc., will give me all the recognition I want." Ah! but if you don't say something smart, but just the contrary?

MISS LYMAN AND VASSAR.

BY A VASSAR GRADUATE.

[Died at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 21st, Miss H. W. Lyman, Lady Principal.]

This singularly gifted woman richly deserves to be classed with the representative women of the age—representative of a type very rare in any nation.

I will not undertake a critical analysis of her character, nor indulge in any eulogy upon her virtues, nor enlarge upon her delicate and discriminating taste, her unflinching fidelity to duty, or her never wavering zeal in Christianity; the distinguishing trait which will form the theme of these few remarks is her *power*.

Mrs. Stowe tells us in "The Minister's Wooing" that the doctor belonged to a class of rigid moralists who *live* romance without *reading* it. Miss Lyman lived woman's rights without being one of its advocates. The intellectual beauty of her face, her commanding physical bearing, and the awe that her presence invariably inspired—all marked her as a person *born to rule*. She would remind one of one's early dreams of some empress of the olden time. Intensely conservative, coming from the socially established families of Montreal, her rigid opinions on some matters did not harmonize with the swifter ideas of our nation's daughters; but without doubt this very conservatism was just what Vassar College needed at the beginning of its eventful career. The enthusiasm necessary to inaugurate any new enterprise often has need of a counter check. Radicalism needs the conservative to render its growth more enduring. With too much oxygen it would spend its forces early. Although Vassar has not been guilty in this particular, it will not soon be known to what extent that institution is indebted to Miss Lyman for just that restraining influence so indispensable in its early history. All felt instinctively that there was a "power behind the throne greater than the throne itself." She had the capacity for convincing in spite of argument. It seemed a mystery, at times, how nothing at Vassar seemed to move contrary to her will, but hers was a subtile something beyond logic, which assembled dignitaries could not withstand.

Those who have been students can never forget her lectures in chapel, her eloquence that awoke to laughter or thrilled to tears, the profound hush when the heart recognized its own secret grief vividly portrayed, or her Scriptural expositions more touching than many a sermon of some divines.

Pure as her teachings, her life and her thought soared far higher than they. The terror of her rebuke whose love was stronger than her resentment, her eloquence who believed that woman should keep silence, her undisputed sway who believed that woman should yield—all bear testimony that one can rule and yet be not less womanly; testimony too that whether it be in counsel, or oratory, or law, whatever one has a genius to do well, belongs to her *sphere*.

SHUT UP THE RUM SHOPS.

BY M. S. WILSON.

While conversing with a person upon woman suffrage, a short time ago, I said among other things that I thought if women were allowed to vote, hold office, and make laws, they would be the means of purifying politics, and elevating the standard of morality among our officers and representatives; and that we should therefore have better laws, and that criminals would not be so often permitted to escape their just punishment. He did not agree with me, and he also remarked that he believed women were as bad as men, as a general thing. In regard to the latter assertion, although I am aware that most women are far from perfect, yet I think they are as a body, more prudent, modest, and refined; more apt to be just, and more often actuated by religious motives than men. By no means do I desire a government controlled entirely by women; I think it would be as bad as one controlled entirely by men. It is as necessary for both to work together, and aid each other in the affairs of the state, as it is in domestic concerns.

I will state a few of the cases in which I think women will be more likely to do better than men have done. The Maine liquor law is upon the statute books of several states, but it is very seldom enforced. Now why is this so? You may say, because it is a very unpopular law, and that it is next to impossible to carry it out. But with whom is it unpopular? I am not speaking now of the merits of this law, nor of what legislation I deem best for the prevention of intemperance, but simply of facts, their causes and consequences. Is it unpopular with the sister who sees in that social glass the demon that will lure her brother on to destruction? Is it unpopular with the mother whose sons are obliged to pass and repass daily, scores of liquor saloons? Is it unpopular with the daughter who goes with trembling steps to that low rum-hole to persuade her father to come home? Is it unpopular with the wife who watches hour after hour, with a heart overflowing with sorrow, for the return of her drunken husband? Full well do I know that there are women that love the sparkling cup as well as men, but they are comparatively few. There are also many who by their influence lead men to partake thereof, but this is often the result of thoughtlessness. Be this law good or bad, wise or unwise, its unpopularity is confined almost exclusively to the male sex. But being a law, why is it not enforced? In my opinion the principal reason is that those whose duty it is to see that its requirements are obeyed, like to take a drink themselves now and then, if not oftener. It would be much better to repeal the law, than to allow it to remain without enforcing it, as it necessarily causes contempt of all laws.

There are thousands of gambling saloons all over the land. This is universally acknowledged to be a terrible evil, and why is not more done to stop the practice? It could be prevented if our law-makers and officers performed their duty. The women that frequent these places are very few compared with men, yet they are the ones that suffer the most from its consequences.

The so-called social evil is one of the greatest plagues of our country; our legislators have practically said that they cannot remedy it, and some of them are even now talking about making it lawful. Think you they would dare to advance such ideas, were the women represented in that assembly? Why are they unable to put an end to this evil? Simply because those very men, and many of them whom they represent, prefer it to continue; but how many women, do you suppose, wish this to be so? How many of those who have tasted the bitterness of such a life, would wish to tread the same path again? How few are there but that would flee from it now, had they sufficient courage to make the attempt, and could hope to find honorable employment elsewhere. They alone experience the sorrow; upon them only rests the disgrace! I would not have those women whose pleasure it is to lead such a life, exempted from their punishment—would that it were greater! but I would have the finger of scorn pointed also at the men that are their companions in shame; and I would have them too shunned and despised, and banished from all decent society.

When women are permitted to vote, they will not be long in changing the unjust and tyrannical laws which men have made for them; and we may confidently expect that they will soon find some way to prevent intemperance and the sale of poisonous liquors, to shut up gaming-houses, and will prove that the arm of the law can be made powerful enough to overthrow even the social evil itself, all the arguments and assertions of New York and Ohio legislators to the contrary notwithstanding. They will not be content to visit the polls with a disorderly rabble, but respectable places will have to be provided for elections; and our legislative halls will not so often behold such disgraceful scenes as at present, and our representatives will be obliged to be more dignified, and more alive to the duties which they are sent to perform.

Burnett's Cologne— The best in America

Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

Notes About Women.

—Frau Bismarck is said to be very plain.

—In Rhode Island a young lady, at a masquerade, wore the skins of 17 geese.

—No man can be master in conversation who has not talked with women.

—The Queen of England's fortune is estimated at £3,380,000.

—Lamartine's niece lives in great poverty in Macon, France.

—William and Mary Howell are spiritualists.

—Yankee girls carry off the honors as skaters in London.

—Poor Nilsson, she has to endure a great deal. A Housier critic compares her to the "Venice de Medicis."

—The lectures for women at Cambridge, England, are proving a decided success this term.

—A young lady in Troy, during four years past, has made $2,400 by her sewing machine.

—There are now about two hundred and fifty Postmistresses in the country, and the number steadily increases.

—Please look over our advertising columns and patronize the places you see mentioned there.

—Dr. Mary Putnam, daughter of the publisher, has been acting as a surgeon in the French army.

—Miss Nilsson is so pleased with America she proposes to spend another year in this country.

—A mother named her child Alpha Omega, and gave as a reason that it was her first, and she hoped it would be her last.

—Personal honor never rises one-sixth of an inch higher than principles about debt and credit.

—Fanny Sprague, of Cincinnati, has been appointed a short-hand amanuensis to Secretary Spinner.

—Parker Pillsbury, formerly editor of THE REVOLUTION, is preaching out West in favor of "free religion."

—The State Prohibition Party of Michigan has incorporated a Woman's Suffrage Plank in its platform.

—A musical young lady says that a composer may very properly make overtures to anybody.

—The Princess Louise has contributed three original pictures to the exhibition for the relief of the French peasantry.

—Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever said, "A girl now seems all head." "Yes, till you come to talk to her," growled Clever.

—A little school girl complains she has so many things to learn she has no time to understand. School teachers lay this to heart.

—There were only three hundred divorces in Vermont last season; but it wasn't a good year.

—Low necked dresses are again in vogue at balls and evening parties. Consumption is also on the increase.

—The young ladies of Beloit, Wis., want a Sorosis. They have set their mark high and do not wish to fall Belo-it.

—Loring, of Boston, will soon issue a new novel by the popular authoress, Miss Virginia Townsend, called the "Mills of Tuxbury."

—Pondre Subtile is the name of the noxious stuff with which women bleach their complexion.

—Miss Malinda Hoover of Corydon, Indiana, recently asserted her rights by firing upon a burglar and breaking his leg.

—The Woman's Medical College, of Philadelphia, recently graduated a class of seventeen.

—A Virginia belle has given her diamonds, valued at $15,000, for the benefit of the French Sanitary Commission.

—Mrs. Belknap is said to have shortened her days in order to meet the exorbitant demands of fashion.

—Ladies give as a reason for marrying for money, that they now seldom find anything else in a man worth having.

—An Oregon medicine woman failing to bring rain when desired, the noble red men killed her, which was conclusive if not satisfactory.

—Chicago, true to its instincts, has invented a waltz, and also a new species of chewing gum, called "The Little Church Around the Corner."

—A *Saturday Review* writer says: "The Yankee girl was born to live in packets. She gives one the notion of a being created to rush through space."

—The *Globe* is taking up the cause of sewing girls, and gives some instances of the manner in which they are cheated by their employers. Roll on, *Globe*, it is a good work.

—A baby-show at Cedar Rapids had twenty competitors. The mothers decided by a vote which baby was the nicest, and each baby had one vote. The party speedily broke up.

—An old lady in Massachusetts who "remembers Washington" has rather overdone it. She asserts that he frequently came to her native town to attend the annual fall muster.

—Seebach, while in Washington, was introduced to the customs of the place, and finds herself minus $2,700 worth of jewelry, which she fears she will never Seebach.

—Some one asked Miss Bremer, "What do you think when so many people come to see you?" "I wish that I was handsomer," was the honest and womanlike reply.

—Miss Peabody became acquainted with Nathaniel Hawthorne through her clever illustrations of one of his most charming stories, "The Gentle Boy."

—Women lose much of their power by endeavoring to express undue admiration. Be temperate in approval and you will be credited with meaning what you express.

—The servant girls of Marseilles have presented the provisional government of France with a cannon, which they have called "*La servante fidele.*" (The faithful servant.)

—Miss Emma Stebbins, a gifted American Artist, has lately completed a statue of the Angel of Prayer, illustrataing Longfellow's poem of "Sandalphon."

—It is proposed to elect the Queen of Denmark, the most economical of female sovereigns, to the vacant throne of fashion from which Eugenie has been deposed.

—Among the Astronomers who went from England to Sicily to observe the late eclipse were two women appointed to assist in taking observations.

—A movement has been set on foot toward founding, in connection with Rutger's Female College, a permanent art lectureship for the benefit of the citizens of New York.

—In Wyoming, four women, who have been jurors in a capital case before Chief Justice Howe, rendered a verdict condemning John Boyer, a half-breed Sioux, to the gallows.

—President Abbott, of the Michigan Agricultural College of Lansing, in his annual report to the Legislature, refers to the ladies in that institution in very complimentary terms.

—An American widow, with one little girl three years old, advertises in an Eastern paper for a situation to do general house-work, cook or teach. What a sad history that appeal hints at.

—A stern parent, down in Maine, has brought a suit against a young man of the neighborhood claiming $90 for luncheons, horse baitings and courting fires furnished to defendant while courting plaintiff's daughter.

Miss Annie E. Bromall, daughter of Hon. John Bromall, stands at the head of the graduates of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, the annual commencement of which took place last week.

—A Michigan woman writes that, of all the pitiable objects on the face of the earth, a hen-pecked husband is the worst. We think we have seen some rooster-pecked wives quite as worthy of compassion.

—Six women, three English, two German and one American, have climbed Mont Blanc since the ascent made by Balmat, in 1786. We would like to know the name of our adventurous American sister.

—It is rumored that a marriage has been arranged between the Princess Beatrice, the fifth daughter and ninth child of Queen Victoria, and the Marquis of Ely. The Princess is now in her 14th year.

—There are at this time in the United States seventy-seven colleges that offer equal facilities to young men and young women. The writer who declares this fact well adds that many of these are obscure and none are rich and famous.

—Miss Sarah Wilson, who gave $30,000 to the Wilson Female College, near Chambersburg, Penn., died Feb. 18th, at the age of seventy-five years. She had given large sums for other good purposes. She left an estate valued at about $150,000, and died intestate.

—One hundred and twenty-seven mothers of Worcester, Mass., seconded by all the physicians, have united in asking that the afternoon sessions of the lower grade of schools may be shortened. Their prayer will probably be granted.

—The high caste Hindoo women only wear one garment. This which is four yards long, and one and a half yards wide, they arrange over their person leaving the feet and ankles and the right arm and shoulders bare. Sometimes a short jacket is added but never a skirt.

—Some little girls in Salem, Mass., held a fair on Washington's Birthday, for the benefit of one of the pupils in their Sunday-school, a sick little girl, daughter of a dead soldier. They obtained $120, and it is uncertain which was the happiest, they who gave, or she who received the amount.

—Very few ladies know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a man or boy put into one of them would gasp for breath, incapable of putting forth any effort except to break the bands.

—"The fact is," said an elderly wife, "a man does not know how to straighten up things. He does not know where to commence. I don't wonder," she remarked in conclusion, "that when God made Adam, he went right to work and made woman to tell him what to do."

—After Mme. De Stael's writings gained her distinction, Bonaparte said he did not think women ought to write books. To which bowing low she replied, "It is not every woman who can gain distinction by an alliance with Gen. Bonaparte."

—The popular lady lecturers this winter are thus characterized: Mrs. Stanton is said to be the most dignified; Mrs. Livermore the most eloquent; Mrs. Blake the wittiest; Miss Dickinson the fieriest; Miss Field the spiciest; Miss Logan the jolliest, and Miss Edgarton the handsomest.

—An Iowa school mistress while casually looking around her school-room the other day observed an incipient sovereign of six glorious summers, leaning nonchalently back in his seat with a navy six-shooter resting on the desk before him, and aimed point blank at herself. She made a slight detour to the left, flanked the battery, and inquired if the thing was loaded "Yes'em," said he. That's the way they bring up children out West.

—A lady conducting a private school in Greenwich, Conn., some eight years ago, failed to pay her expenses, and, after struggling and getting deeply in debt, sold all her effects and paid her creditors seventy cents on the dollar, the latter cheerfully accepting that for the whole amount. Fortune having since smiled upon her, she has lately paid up her old debts in full, with interest to date.

—A woman writes that she is disgusted hearing young men talk about the extravagance of women, and their inability to marry in consequence. There are fashionable, empty headed dolls, but on the other hand, there are hundreds of self-supporting, intelligent girls who would make excellent wives. Why don't these male grumblers choose from the latter class.

—George William Curtis combats the old prejudice against women speaking in public, and asks why it is not as unfeminine for a woman to sing from a platform as to speak from the same platform? If Anna Dickinson, Kate Field, and Olive Logan are unwomanly, so are Nilsson, Adelaide Phillips, and Louise Kellogg.

—The Philadelphia Society for alleviating the miseries of Public Prisons has undertaken an excellent work. It proposes to employ a man whose whole time shall be devoted to looking after the wants of discharged prisoners, in furnishing clothing to the destitute, assisting the needy and infirm in reaching their homes, and when advisable, providing temporary board, and in some cases tools suitable for their employments, counselling, and by correspondence with persons in mechanical and agricultural pursuits, assisting those who may seek his aid in procuring situations.

—The *Democrat* says:

"Netta" Millwood, who has won much pleasant celebrity in her vigorous advocacy of the rights of shop girls, has started in business all for herself. She has chosen the newspaper advertising line, and has opened a neat office at Room 14, No. 599 Broadway. Netta is an enterprising girl, and deserves patronage.

We heartily wish "Netta" abundant success in her undertaking. Why does she not start here, in New York, an institution for working girls similar to Jennie Collins' "Boffin's Bower" in Boston.

—We publish this week some well-authenticated and startling facts concerning the habits of inebriety practiced in this country by women of the more respectable classes. It would seem that a serious danger looms before us from a quarter where heretofore but slight apprehension has been felt. We believe it results from the pernicious habit of social drinking and the free use of stimulants recommended by physicians. The fact that inebriate asylums for women alone, do actually exist is proof of the necessity for a strong temperance movement started by and for the sex heretofore supposed to be most free from this deadly appetite. Much as it grieves us to record such things of women, the eyes of the people must be opened to facts as they exist.

—The Rev. W. T. Clarke, pastor of the Unitarian Chapel at Harlem, and also associated with Mr. Tilton in editing the *Golden Age*, delivered, last Friday afternoon, an excellent address before the Union Suffrage Association, at 31 Union Square. He considered that no cause ever enlisted so many minds in so short a time, and that women now have fifty times better chance for justice than ten years ago. He dwelt upon the fact that the do-nothing period for women had passed, and ably considered the final adjustment of the whole question, which must come naturally when prejudice is more thoroughly broken down, and independence assumed. He believed that women would be welcomed into politics twenty years hence, and paid a fitting compliment to some of the leaders of the cause. We regret that our regular report came too late for insertion this week.

—The exceptionally happy lot of the Princess Louise, who has been permitted to marry as her heart dictated, is a sign of the emancipation of her class from the barbarous law that doomed royalty to marry royalty, sacrificing all natural instincts to considerations of State. Louise is only Lorn in name. It was well for her that the Prince Christians of Europe were distributed among other members of her family before she came upon the stage, leaving to her the privileg of marrying like any other pretty, intelligent, good girl. If she is not killed by congratulatory addresses before she reaches her Scottish home, we may consider her one of the happiest of brides.

—We are sorry that men no longer are allowed to maintain their monopoly of the gambling houses, and reap the exclusive wages of this species of sin. One of the celebrated female faro bankers of Denver City is thus described:

She was dressed tastily and quietly in a grey alpaca traveling suit, with gloves and trimming of hat to match; was of medium stature, well formed, and not more than thirty-four or thirty-five. Her face was not at all an unpleasant one, must have been pretty some time, ere so many telltale lines were drawn upon it—and what is most unusual in women of her class, the complexion was good. She was on her way back from St. Louis, where she went, so our informant stated, to place a young boy at school. Their faro bank at Denver has been in full blast for some time, and the two proprietors are reaping a rich harvest. No fights or disturbances of any kind have ever occurred at their rooms, and the women conduct the game with all the suavity of experienced professionals.

—Mrs. A. D. Richardson recently gave a dramatic reading in Newark, in the same hall where Daniel MacFarland, the man who once stood to her in the relation of husband, attempted to fulminate against woman's rights some weeks previous. The public has shown itself commendably shy about being instructed by murderers and conspirators on the great questions of the day, and in extending a warm, appreciative welcome to Mrs. Richardson, has practically reversed the infamous decision in the MacFarland-Richardson case. We are glad this deeply wronged woman has the courage and strength to appear thus before the world, because no one can come under the influence of her pure, sweet womanliness, without feeling his prejudices melt away.

—A cautious man, before he gives in his adherence to woman's rights, wants to know whether, when suffrage is granted to women, the vicious and depraved will rush pell mell to the polls, while the worthy part of womanhood keeps away. We cannot pretend to answer for every one of the fifteen millions of women who compose this nation, as we have not time to send round and inquire. Most of the women *we know* want to vote, and we consider them as belonging to the salt of the earth. We are afraid if our friend waits to find out who among women will vote and *who* will not he will lose the chance of immortalizing himself by becoming one of our champions. A good many women who think they don't care about voting now will vote when the time comes, and it is coming speedily. Our friend must remember, too, that the vote of a bad woman don't count anymore than the vote of a bad man.

—Mr. Alexander Delmar is connected with the Life Association of America, which has a department devoted wholly to the assurance of the lives of women and gives them the same advantages granted to men. Lady physicians are employed as inspectors, and lady agents as solicitors of patronage. This is a new and admirable enterprise, as heretofore it has been extremely difficult for women to obtain insurance upon their lives. The rates have been made higher than for men, and the conditions more harsh and stringent arising from the belief that the value of female life is less between the ages of twenty and forty-five than that of males. Statistics do not substantiate the fact. Mr. Delmar's scheme aims to do away with this species of injustice, and is, in all respects, excellent.

—Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon thus writes to Miss Anthony, under date of Feb. 27th:

"I only returned from Nevada about a week since, where I had been nearly a month working in the woman suffrage cause. The battle in Nevada was decided against us by one majority, so the enemies are welcome to all the glory of their triumph. I worked hard, though I could have done more by following my own impressions instead of heeding the advice of male politicians. But all our experiences are valuable as guides to wiser action in the future. I was invited to lecture before the Legislature by a resolution passed by that honorable body, and did so to an immense and enthusiastic audience. Then, had I followed it up by more lectures, and then pressed upon the Assembly immediate action on the proposed amendment to the State Constitution, I am certain we could have carried it against all opposition; but several members favorable to the movement counselled, "Do not urge the matter, lest some who waver in their opinions may become vexed, and so vote against it." So we kept quiet, and the amend ment was lost by one majority." Miss Anthony's comment on this statement is, "Always do just opposite to what the politicians advise us every time, and no exceptions."

Our Mail Bag.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING IN AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, Feb. 13th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The daily and nightly rounds of hospital life and experience have been most pleasurably aud interestingly broken in upon from having made the acquaintance of Madame Littron, wife of of the Director of Astronomy in Vienna, who has captured me without marked resistance on my part—on occasional holiday evenings and for dinner Sunday, P. M

It has been truly refreshing after so many months of banishment and isolation from home influences to be initiated into a home circle where there is so much of soul culture, of broad intelligence, and sympathy with the world's onward movements. Madame L. is a native of Prague, and it is interesting to find in her life experience and desires so much that has a common origin with the women of our own country. When her brothers were taught Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, all to a purpose, she wondered why her mind could not receive a like healthy stimulus and discipline. Even as a young girl she wrote upon the curse of bondage that law, society, and custom puts upon women; and, although the bonfires of progress have kindled slowly as beacon lights to guide women's feet upward and onward in the old world, still she has lived hoping to see right prevail, and with her pen has done much to mould opinions in the right direction. I have just read a seventy-two paged brochure of hers. "The social movement in respect to woman." Not especially original to us who have heard the subject so fully discussed in all of its phases, from A. to Z. But it is clearly written with conclusive arguments in reference to the more thorough education of women which shall render them self-supporting, or if as housewives, more practical, and as mothers, more capable to meet the growing demands in the rearing of children. By invitation of Madame L., I have visited a few times the meetings of the Woman Association, founded four years since. From a very humble beginning the association has waxed strong and influential, and more has been done by its numerous and steadily increasing numbers than the most hopeful dared predict. The members of the Association first convened in a small room, where was established a school for women in which they were qualified to enter into the various spheres of trade and industry open to them. Three hundred and thirty-two women shared in the opportunities offered them the first year. Now they occupy several commodious, light rooms, and their twig of a school has grown into a wide-spreading protective tree.

They have now day and evening classes; a preparatory class where girls and young women receive elementary instruction; a drawing class with excellent models in plaster; and designs of all kinds for transferring upon wood, glass, and paper, with patterns for prints and carpets. At the close of the first term of ten months instruction three of the thirty-six who had been taught in this department were given situations in the school of art connected with the Imperial Museum, and in an Art and Industry Exhibition here one of the pupils, received a silver, another a bronze medal, and a third honorable mention for the works exhibited.

There is a well attended class for the French and English languages. Book-keeping, and a general business correspondence is thoroughly taught. Through the influence of the Association, telegraphy, before wholly unknown to the women of Austria, has become a branch of their instruction, and from May, '69, to Dec. same year, 25,409 guilders was paid to women by the various telegraph offices in which they are employed.

In the Imperial Printing and Envelope Manufactory seventy-two women, who have been instructed by the Association, are employed; fifty-six of whom daily make ready for use thirteen thousand envelopes and receive for their work five to six guilders weekly.

The women connected with this establishment here formed themselves into an Aid Association and pay ten kreutzern weekly for a fund to aid members who, by illness or misfortune, may be unable to work. Geography, history, stenography, chemistry, and philosophy are also taught as well as all kinds of hard work; sewing in all of its various branches by hand and upon the machine. The best prices are paid for instruction, and the best professors employed, and what is undertaken seems to be carried out with earnestness and thoroughness. This whole effort is but a prelude to what must soon come here, and that is through gymnastic schools, where girls can be taught from A to Z systematically and thoroughly, and thus be prepared for self-support and usefulness. Just now every one can fully appreciate the necessity of making women self-reliant with the voice of helpless, bereaved mothers, wives and sisters, filling the land with a cry for aid.

The Women's Association meets weekly. An address is delivered as yet only by men; business arrangements are made, and there is a pleasant, social interchange of thought. I have been asked to address the Association but have not quite decided that I should be a success, having the hedges and ditches of a foreign language to leap over.

I saw noticed in some American paper not long since that three women were studying in the University here. I am sorry to say it is not true. There are three young ladies of high social standing in Vienna, who are being educated by private tutors thoroughly and systematically in Latin, Greek, and in the natural sciences, whether with the stimulus of an aim is questionable, since they cannot hope to become professors, however wise, neither to find a place among scientists, and not until women are allowed the privilege of competing with men in aspirations for equal positions when equally worthy of them, can there be a true standard of comparison instituted between the mental and physical capacities of the two sexes?

You have doubtless learned that the Swiss Government has passed an act allowing women to pass medical examinations to practice and to aspire to the chair of an instructor upon like terms with men, and what is also greatly in their favor is the being educated in Medical Universities with men who know that to reach the goal women have been as capable as they, and by daily intercourse, friendship and confidence have been firmly grounded between them, so that the slurs and taunts so often hurled at women by their brother practitioners, it is to be hoped, will not be heard in the brave little Swiss Republic. I have had the pleasure of conversing with a gentleman who has recently graduated at Zurich, and he gives the most favorable report of the harmony that prevails in the mixed classes and of the elevated tone that the presence of women has given to every department.

I can but hope that America will profit by the experience of Switzerland, and instead of creating inferior colleges for women, that united they will study, and that in union there will be more strength in colleges and in physicians.

Yours truly, MARY SAFFORD.

MEN'S RIGHTS.

CHICAGO, March 15th.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Cannot you do something to assist us in securing to weak and downtrodden *men* their natural rights. Anna Dickinson is raving through the country claiming to defend their rights, but in reality she is doing the dear "defenseless creatures" more injustice and injury. "Caryl" of the Chicago Evening *Mail* is very justly indignant at her cruel and vulgar interferance with what has always belonged exclusively to man, namely "Prostitution."

The cruel creature says, "if it is to be licensed here in Chicago, every man should be branded who attempts to visit a licensed house. Has not "Caryl" just cause for pouring out his wrath upon the cruel Anna? *He* refuses to be branded.

I want to speak to Anna Dickinson publicly and tell her that "men" have rights, that women are bound to respect. Men have a right to be as wicked, slimy, and polluted as they can be, and they also have a right to make laws to protect themselves in their wickedness, and to demand respect from women. No matter how wicked a man may be he has a right to a virtuous wife, and if he contract loathsome diseases among the abandoned, she, the wife, has no right to become an invalid in consequence. Men have a right to form "Humane Societies" for the prevention of cruelty to *dumb animals*, and women have no right to form Humane Societies to prevent the police, or other men from cruelty to *dumb women*.

How can that wicked Anna wish to so injure men? It has already come to that pass that "innocent and defenseless men" are no longer safe in the open streets of Chicago after nightfall. That dreadful decision of Judge Geary has done much to bring this about; all Chicago was in excitement about it. The case was just this: a very respectable gentleman of this city one night became enamored of a "Street woman." After accompanying her home "he lost his virtue," for which he paid her more handsomely than (when he became sober) he thought he could well afford, consequently he had the vile seducer arrested for stealing two hundred dollars worth of jewelry and money from him. When the trial was concluded the Police Judge brought in a verdict of "not guilty" whereupon the court discharged the criminal, and the "very respectable gentleman" demanded his watch and money. That very indiscreet Judge Geary decided that he would have to appeal to the civil court as his goods were lost in a criminal way. The

Chicago *Press* poured out its wrath upon the unjust Judge, and the frail and innocent community of men are beginning to learn that the open street is no proper place for them except they are under the protecting wing of a "couragous woman." My dear REVOLUTION *I* intend to protect my husband at the expense of my own life.

I presume no man will be so imprudent as to go unprotected through the streets of this city after dark hereafter; it would be very imprudent.

These woman's rights conventions are making women very bold. I presume they will soon refuse to stand in the street cars (with babies in their arms) and allow the dear men to occupy all the seats. There's Elizabeth Cady Stanton who has had the bad taste to come to Chicago and lecture on "Easy divorce." The lawyers are all very jealous. Their business will be ruined if divorces are made easier. Five dollars is cheap enough; and she should not injure the divorce market by attempting to reduce the price. Very few lawyers succeed in obtaining more than six or eight divorces per day—which brings things down to ruinous prices. I am shocked at Mrs. Stanton's bad taste in this matter. All the good things she said in her lecture we entirely ignore, on account of her severe attack upon the "divorce market." This has become a habit with us Chicago people—we entirely ignore all good qualities in women, and hunt up something sensational to spread abroad against them. We cry "Infidel, Freelover," and so on. Brother Hatfield and Laird Collier are working hard to keep woman in her "sphere," but they positively refuse to define man's sphere.

OLIVE OUTWEST.

MOVEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOFFIN'S BOWER, 815 Washington St., Boston, Mass., March 17th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

"The whole army is in motion; a general engagement all along the lines." On Wednesday the 15th, the Women Suffrage Association had a hearing before the Legislature which was fully attended, and great interest manifested. I was not present as my services were demanded in another direction. The anti-suffrage party, of course, was represented in opposition.

The men laugh at us because the women seem so strongly opposed at present, and are so active in their opposition of the measure. This is just what might be expected. I never heard of an individual who interfered when a man was beating his wife who did not fare hard; she invariably "sets to" and helps her spouse to teach the meddler his place, and that he should have minded his business. And there is a large class of women who think it necessary to have a beating in order to ratify their marriage. Their husbands seem more manly for performing their duty in that respect; and the action of the women the last year, is strong proof that the oftener they correct them the better they keep them in their *sphere*.

There is one new feature in the movement, however, that is worthy of notice. We seldom hear of a man or woman who would not rather be called a fool than to be called good and clever. But here is a goodly number of women who have enrolled themselves without one cent of cost to the State, and with no inducement whatsoever, and who acknowledge their unworthiness to be trusted with the privilege of expressing an opinion of their own.

Such humility is commendable on the part of these women, and should be an example to men of the same grade to follow. In that case the anti-suffrage association would be no more than a corporal's guard to a division, and "he who laughs last laughs best."

Truly yours, JENNIE COLLINS.

THAT ODIOUS BILL.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Is it possible that such a bill as that entitled, "The Board for the Prevention of Prostitution," could be introduced into any Legislature in the United States? How many such bills think you would be introduced if one half the law-makers there assembled were women? If I cared nothing for the poor fallen-women or the frequenters of their establishments, still I should deplore the passage of such a bill on account of the demoralizing influence thrown around those pure-minded Commissioners, (each at $3,500 a year) and the medical men, (each $2,500). Think for instance of our husbands, or sons, filling those lucrative, respectable,—and perhaps to them—pleasant offices. If it were not that they are to receive as salaries the afore-mentioned amount they would be fully as respectably employed, each keeping second-class brothels as to be the legal overseers of them.

Where are their *salaries* to come from? From the taxes of decent people—those who labor for their bread. What a burlesque on honest Republicanism is this, occupying their time, passing laws or bills, by the Legislators of a country for the express purpose of creating paying official positions, which they expect to fill at the close of their present engagements. Great, great is the God of Political Dishonesty!

This legislating to make vice *easy* and *safe* for our *male* population, all good women surely will protest against, and I should suppose all men would also, who are not habitues of dens of vice, or who have no hope of sometimes earning one of said salaries.

The great pity is that those who frequent such places do not die at once, and go where they could no longer pollute the presence or undermine the virtue of those uncontamina ted.

If it were not for the demand there would cease to be a supply. It is the old story of persecute the victim because she is weak, and protect the destroyer because he is strong. Do not cause bad women to become any worse than they are. Don't by legalizing crime make it respectable. Why don't you legalize murder? (More offices and salaries.) Here is a companion bill for Mr. Morgan's: "A Bill to Authorize the Killing of Poor Women and Children." The license for such an establishment (where they kill the better looking or better dressed,) to be $500 a year where they kill the homely, ragged ones, only $250; the proceeds from the licenses to be applied to the funeral expenses and for tomb-stones for the murdered; the commissioners and doctors to receive *fair* living salaries for overseeing the business in order that the victims be deprived of life scientifically.

When we have the licensed killing establishments in operation, the fines and licenses on the brothels, can be dispensed with. That will be a gain, won't it?

Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sons daughters, brothers, and sisters, awake with one voice and *kill* such a bill as that for "Prevention, etc., etc." It ought politically to kill all who endorse it. Would to God you law-makers would spend your time more *usefully* than discussing such a question, or at least in such a one-sided manner.

Truly yours, MARGARET MCELROY.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

FOND DULAC, WIS., March 7, 1871.

Sabbath evening, February 19th, Mrs. Van Cott preached her farewell sermon. The church was filled at an early hour, and many could not gain entrance. She has worked incessantly the past seven weeks, preaching fifty-two sermons, and holding one hundred and fifty-three meetings. Through her untiring devotion and persistent appeals, she has accomplished a great work. Her converts number five hundred and fifteen.

From here she went to Oshkosh, and has been holding revival meetings the past two weeks in that city. Her efforts have been crowned with success; four hundred souls having been brought to Christ through her teachings.

She stopped yesterday, to hold a convert's meeting in this place, before taking the evening train for her home in the East. Mrs. Van Cott is the only woman that has a license to preach in the Methodist Church, and it was after a deal of controversy that she obtained it. She says, "her friends in the church told her she would be a laughing-stock and a subject of ridicule;" but her work was before her, and if any one in the church should hiss her, she would go on with her labors the same. She is a woman of great endurance, indomitable will, and unwavering faith.

In the Liberal Churches women are not entirely excluded from the pulpit. Many thriving parishes to-day, are growing in light and grace through the holy and wise teachings of woman. She is sympathetic, self-sacrificing, and devoted in her nature, which peculiarly adapts her to this work.

Mrs. Dr. Steele, wife of Prof. Steele, of the Appleton University, spoke in the Methodist Church, February 12th, in behalf of the Heathen Woman's Friend Society. Mrs. Coleman, one of the church members, read an essay in favor of the same cause. The Society was organized about a year ago, and is fast gaining strength. Its object is to solicit funds to send women to educate the heathen mother, and to alleviate her deplorable moral and spiritual condition. Statistics show (where it is possible to obtain them), that two-thirds of the female infants born to Hindoo mothers are murdered; and in one district all were destroyed. Mrs. Steele has her heart in the work; and, with her ability and energy, she will make it a success. In Milwaukee, eleven life members joined, paying twenty dollars each. She says the President of the Society has received many letters already, asking "Can I go?" The answer is, "Not yet;" the funds are not sufficient. Within all this lieth a vein, tracing its way to the great heart-centre, from thence into the throbbing arteries, giving increasing strength and vigor to this great cause—"Equal Rights."

Truly Yours,

Mrs. D. H.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 2003, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1871.

IMPORTANT TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

AN ATTRACTIVE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For 15 Subscribers and		$30,	we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.
" 12	"	" $24,	a Doty Clothes Wringer. No housewife should be without it.
" 10	"	" $20,	a splendid bronzed eight-day Clock.
" 10	"	" $20,	one dozen Spoons, heavily plated.
" 10	"	" $20,	one Dress Pattern, fifteen yards best quality black Alpaca.
" 9	"	" $18,	one dozen silver plated Forks.
" 9	"	" $18,	silver plated Teapot.
" 9	"	" $18,	one dozen Dinner Knives, best quality.
" 6	"	" $12,	silver plated Cake Basket.
" 6	"	" $12,	" " Butter Dish.
" 3	"	" $6,	one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground.
" 3	"	" $6,	Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."
" 2	"	" $4,	Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
" 2	"	" $4,	silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN IN FLORENCE.

MISS BLAGDEN.

FLORENCE, ITALY, March 8th, 1871.

A few years ago Miss Kate Field wrote an article which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and which attracted a good deal of attention as—we may add in parenthesis—the papers she writes generally do. The subject of this particular paper made it, however, more than usually interesting, as it was English writers in Florence. Among these writers then residing in the pleasant Italian city, were Walter Savage Landor, the Brownings, the Trollopes, Miss Evans, and Miss Blagden, to which last named lady Miss Field gracefully alluded as "our lady of Bellosguardo."

When such a brilliant constellation of authors formed the subject of an article it was not strange that it aroused general interest in America, for our people have a fondness for knowing all about the authors and artists, in short, all about the men and women of genius whose works have made their names household words.

The personal appearance, the habits of daily life, the methods of study of these favorites of the public are all most interesting to Americans, and they catch up every such detail with an eagerness which seems almost childish to the people of other lands. Nor does this national peculiarity spring from mere idle curiosity as it might at first seem to a superficial observer, but from the genuine and hearty admiration felt among us for our favorite men and women of genius, and our enthusiasm for them lends a charm even to the commonest incidents of their lives. Our people have learned too, that not unfrequently a man's real self is revealed more clearly in the unstudied events of life than in his carefully prepared works, nor do they accept the theory that a man's genius is something apart from the actual everyday individual.

There is a subtle and involuntary revelation of self in every man's gestures, looks, and words more thorough than we dream of; a fact which should make us all more anxious to *be* rather than to *seem*, since a universal, inexorable law betrays in a thousand ways to our fellows the secrets however carefully kept of an inner and real self.

But when we stated the fact we did not mean to be betrayed into a defense of our national interests in all that concerns our pet heroes and heroines.

Time has made great changes in the little coterie of English writers gathered in Florence a few years since. Landor, Mrs. Theodosia Trollope, and Mrs Browning have passed away from earth. Robert Browning, Miss Evans, now Mrs. Lewes, and some of the Trollope family have returned to their English homes.

T. Adolphus Trollope and Miss Blagden are almost the only English writers left of the circle in Florence which Miss Field described.

The ancient villa so beautifully situated on the heights of Bellosguardo, and its lovely terraced garden are unchanged; but the little knot of friends whom community of tastes and pursuits no less than mutual attachment used to draw together there, has been sadly scattered by circumstances, and broken in upon by death, and that once favorite haunt knows them no more.

The mistress of the mansion still remains in her quiet home, and still as ever amidst her constant literary labors, finds time for social pleasures and for the many active deeds of kindliness which have won for her from all classes such hosts of friends.

Is any one in trouble? Does any one need help? A pilgrimage to Bellosguardo is their first impulse, and never are sympathy, counsel, and aid, sought there in vain.

From teaching some ignorant but eager scholar her letters to watching by sick beds or aiding some great poet, as she did Robert Browning, to collect and arrange his MSS. in the preparation of "Men and Women" for the press, or in putting a new work before the public as she did in her recent translation of Michelet's last brochure, toiling night and day to accomplish this almost simultaneously with its publication in Florence, she is equally ready and efficient in the service of others.

She laughingly calls herself the "Sairey Gamp of Florence," but she is in fact a true sister of charity, whose gentle ministrations in the sick-room many a sufferer has good reason to remember with gratitude.

Our lady of Bellosguardo has therefore and deservedly, many devotees at her shrine.

Though an Englishwoman one would never suspect her nationality from her appearance. She was born in India, and in her nature the keen perceptions and subtle intuitions of the Hindoo race, amongst whom she spent her infant years, seem to blend with the vivacity and sprightliness of the French, a nation for whom she has the warmest sympathy, but her energy, perseverance, and truth, are a part of her Anglo-Saxon inheritance. Left an orphan at a very early age, she was taken to England where she was educated under the care of relatives. She was a most inveterate reader of all sorts of books from her earliest childhood, and she can hardly remember when she did not write, though she did not publish her works until within the last ten or a dozen years. Since that time, the poems, sketches, novels, essays, and translations, from her pen, which have followed each other in rapid succession attest not only her industry, but the versatility of her powers.

Several of her novels have been republished in America, and have there won the same popularity which they had previously gained in England.

One of them entitled, "The Woman I loved and the Woman who Loved Me," aside from its interest to the general reader, as a work of art, deserves and has received from critics the highest praise.

Aside from the pure English and the simple and clear style in which it is written, as a study of character, it compares favorably with some of the keen analysis of men and women made by Balzac, that wonderful anatomist of the human heart.

Agnes Tremaine, another one of her novels, the scene of which is laid in Italy, is an equally admirable work.

Its plot is original and sufficiently involved to keep the reader's interest and curiosity piqued to the utmost, and its characters are not of that stereotyped and conventional type made so familiar to us by some modern novelists, but whose counterparts we never find outside of their pages.

The dramatic element is never wanting in Miss Blagden's works, and the vivid and truthful pictures of Italian life, scenery, manners and ways of thinking which she interweaves so naturally into her stories, give one a better idea of the peculiarities of Italy than many a more pretentious dissertation on the subject.

American readers are fond of tales of foreign life, and those who have not already read these novels will, we are sure, thank us for suggesting them fer their perusal.

In nothing more than in her invincible repugnance to seeing herself described in the newspapers does our lady of Bellosguardo show her English blood and lineage, and in deference to this feeling, we have not drawn her portrait in black and white.

The readers of THE REVOLUTION have already had an opportunity to see an original poem from her pen, and if they wish to know more of her, they have only to get her novels to which we have alluded to and from which we make the following extracts. The passages given below occur in Agnes Tremaine:

"One human being cannot redeem another. All we can do is to help each other bear our burdens; but it is vain presumption to seek to lift them from where He has placed them.

"To die for a friend is easy; the difficulty is to teach him to live; the *impossibility* to give him life if life be wanting.

"The sin of a guilty love is not so much in the fact itself as in all its concomitants—treachery, falsehood, dissimulation, and in the degradation and perversion of principle and feeling which they bring with them.

"Volumes might be written on these mysterious affinities, and on the fatal yet subtle influence one human being is destined to exercise over another, and which the most casual and unforseen circumstances may evoke. We enter a room full of strangers without any apparent volition of our own, and our attention is attracted by one among the mass. From that moment of voluntary election, how many have sealed the happiness or misery of a life!

"And do you think that, by giving your beloved

your health, your life, you can win love? You may obtain gratitude; but love is free, unpurchased and unpurchasable. Your service may win acceptance, but do not claim love in return for it. God help you if you love in vain. Men will have no pity on you—the loved one least of all."

We must premise, however, in justice to Miss Blagden, that these brief sentences are by no means the best things in her books, but they have been taken almost by chance here and there in haste and with no thought at the time of their publication.

If, however, they induce our readers to peruse these works and make their own selections of favorite passages, our object will be attained.

WHO SHALL BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT?

We do not mean of the United States, but of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society.

At the formation of this body, Mr. Theodore Tilton, who had some hand in moulding it into shape, proposed Mrs. Lucretia Mott for President, and pressed this nomination very eagerly in *The Independent*, of which he was then editor. Mrs. Mott, however, was unwilling to serve; not, as some of the papers misreported the case, on account of age or infirmity; but, first, from a constitutional inaptitude to the machinery of an organization, preferring to do her work in her individual way; and, second, from a disinclination to be at the head of one association while another existed which was in some sense its rival. In view of Mrs. Mott's declinature, and of the far away absence of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mr. Tilton accepted the presidency *pro tem.*, but was afterward, on the nomination of Mrs. Stanton, regularly elected for a full official term. After the Boston Society concluded not to unite with the organization in New York, Mr. Tilton, who had desired a union of all the friends of the cause into one general organization, expressed to his associates his reluctance to hold any longer an office which, in his judgment, would be more properly filled by a woman than a man. He was solicitous that Mrs. Stanton should take his place, but she followed the example of Mrs. Mott. His final disposition of the case is stated in the following communication:

MR. TILTON'S LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

OFFICE OF "THE GOLDEN AGE,"
NEW YORK, March 20th, 1871.

MRS. C. E. WILBOUR,
Corresponding Secretary of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society:

MY FRIEND:—I have been for months past unwilling to remain at the head of an association whose president should be a woman and not a man. My inclination was to resign when Mr. Beecher did, so that both societies might be free to re-officer themselves from finer material than "white male citizens." But as some members of the committee who had a right to be consulted were absent from the country, and as others wished the existing status to be maintained, I inwardly demurred, yet outwardly consented. Since the public is no longer shocked but pleased at woman's occupancy of the platform, and prefers her own statement of her own case, the fitness of things demands that the movement for woman's enfranchisement shall find its official leaders in women themselves. I am so strongly of this opinion that I will not allow my practice to stand any longer in the way of it. So I hereby resign my presidency, and very cordially deliver over to you, in trust for the society, all the salary, emoluments, perquisites, and patronage pertaining to the executive chair! It is the proud boast of my administration that I have appointed none of my relatives to office, and have removed no head of a committee from the chairmanship!

Fraternally yours,
THEODORE TILTON.

The above letter starts the question, "Who shall be the next President of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society?" Mr. Tilton on being interrogated as to his preference for a successor, replied that it did not become him to offer a nomination; nevertheless, he could mention that some years ago he made the acquaintance of a likely young woman by the name of Susan B. Anthony, who, if not yet married, or otherwise mortgaged, would no doubt be able to distinguish herself at the head of such a movement as the society represented. In common with Mr. Tilton, we would be glad to see this promising candidate brought forward.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION,

Under the Auspices of the National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee, Washington, D. C.

The question of the constitutional right of women to citizenship and suffrage, having become, in its political and legal relations, a question of great and immediate importance, a Convention for its discussion will be held in the city of New York, on the 11th and 12th days of May next, at Apollo Hall, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. Distinguished and able speakers, both men and women, will take part in the discussions. There is at the present time a demand in both political parties for new and vital issues, affording, therefore, a special opportunity for this question to assert its claims as a political one upon the attention of the whole country. Every man and woman, who believes in a truly Republican form of government, is urgently invited to attend the Convention.

In behalf of the Committee.

ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER,
President.

Friendly papers please copy.

OF A SEX AND FOR A SEX.

William Lloyd Garrison, in a recent speech before the Massachusetts Legislature, said: "This Government is that of the people and for the people, and not of a sex and for a sex." He read the preamble and several articles in the State Constitution to prove that the general spirit of that document is not of an exclusive character, but of a broad and most liberal nature, and argued that the word "male" was an impertinence entirely at variance with the general catholicity of the document.

The same may be said of our Federal Constitution with its amendments. It is framed broadly, but interpreted narrowly. It is made for the people, but construed to apply only to a sex. The last demand of the most radical woman's rights woman will be met when the privileges actually accorded citizens of both sexes under the Constitution are allowed by our legislators. Let them pass a declaratory law, giving women the right to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments as they now stand, and not a syllable need be changed—not a letter altered.

It appears that an instinctive veneration for human rights instigated the creation of the instruments under which we live, and only by political bigotry can they be construed to read of a sex and for a sex. Let the plainest meanings attached to words weigh in our favor, and it is all we ask. Color, caste and sex are swept aside by the vision of a true republic that inspired the framers of the Constitution. Mr. Jefferson said black slavery was too odious a thing to find a recognition in such a quarter, and white woman slavery could not be put into the amendments.

Speaking of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, an exchange says:

"When the above act was passed, women were voting in Wyoming. They voted under the old Constitution in New Jersey. By this act they are by law made equal in all the States, and any persons in any manner preventing them from voting make themselves liable to fine and imprisonment. All the defence offered is that, in their opinion, this law don't mean women. It don't mention *men*, negroes, Indians, or Irish. It says citizens, and tells you what a citizen is. That women are included, is the opinion of B. F. Butler, N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts; Woodward, of Pennsylvania; S. C. Pomeroy, of Kansas; S. W. Julian, of Indiana, and others, both Republicans and Democrats, that, as lawyers, stand second to none. 'That all political power is *inherent* in the people, founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit;' that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, is admitted by every one; that any government can take the above for its base, and then deny the largest half of its citizens the right to vote, shows about as clear an understanding of its own principles as the rustic did of the doctor's when he heard him remark that a small blow would break the nose, exclaimed: 'Well, I dunno 'bout that; I've blowed my nose a good many times and never broke it yet.'"

ANNIVERSARY OF SOROSIS.

About one hundred ladies celebrated the Third Anniversary of Sorosis, at Delmonico's on Monday last. The exercises were conducted around a bountiful lunch table. The programme opened with the singing of a hymn composed by Love M. Willis. The President's address followed by Mrs. C. B. Wilbour. An "Ode to Sorosis," by Miss Vaughn, was a valuable contribution to the literature of the society; a poem, a memorial by Mrs. Croly, and a recitation of Alice Cary's poem, "Gone," by Mrs. Clymer. "Wee Tributes," was addressed to the first President of Sorosis, Alice Cary. A poem, by Mrs. Ruth Burleigh, "Man in the Image of God," was listened to with delight. The addresses poems, songs, sentiments, speeches, toasts and stories, were a glorious indication of the rapid advancement of our women. Resolutions of sympathy for Mrs. Burleigh, upon the death of her husband, W. H. Burleigh, were adopted by the society. The company sat down to lunch about 2 o'clock, and adjourned at half past six, after a most successful demonstration of unity, ability, and sociality.

If such a large meeting of ladies was ever held before in this country, or any other, we have not seen an account of it, and we know that so far as artistic taste and talent are concerned, that this meeting was one of which American women can well be proud.

THE LADIES' ART ASSOCIATION.—This energetic little association is growing in favor, and the last exhibition of the season, held last Saturday at the room in Clinton Hall, was, as regards the number of visitors, a more marked success than any that has preceded it. A hasty survey of the pictures enables us to individualize only a few of them. Miss Mary Kollock exhibited a charming view on the Juniata; Mrs. Loop was represented by a very vigorous portrait of Mrs. Abby Hutchinson Patton; Mrs. Perry, by an ideal head, "Ferdinand;" Mrs Willits, by two landscapes; Miss Gilbert, by an admirable little picture of "Pineapples;" Mrs. Tolles, by a well-painted, still-life piece; Miss Fitz and Miss Wagner, by flowers, and many others by works we have not space to name.

PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE.

If men even for a single day could be put in the position which women occupy, and then transformed by some magician's power to their old station, we believe they would be miraculously converted to woman's rights *en masse*. Few standing veritably in the shoes wherein women stand, even for the short space of twenty-four hours, would be so churlish, niggardly, mean and ungenerous, as when, rehabilitated with manhood, to deny her the privileges which she claims for help and protection.

Put yourself in her place, you male sneerer at the pretensions and aspirations of the other sex. Much as we condemn your principles and practice, we could scarcely wish a harder fate to overtake you. Left to gain a livelihood, we would have you find yourself totally unfitted for the work by a miserable half-education, such as is given to girls. We would have you beat at college doors in vain for better life training. We would have you enter upon a professional career as Christian entered the dreadful road, knowing there is an Apollyon—aye, dozens of them—to meet and wrestle with before the goal is reached. We would have all the scorn, contempt and vileness poured out upon your head that a woman who takes an exceptional position has got to face and brave. We would have the prejudice which sex creates made into a scourge of cords, and let you feel its sting as women do. With half a man's equipment for the task, we would have the whole work of a man, and more exacted, while only one or two overcrowded avenues of labor are open to your urgent needs. We would have you know how a mother feels when she has young children to feed, with only the glittering point of the needle and starvation prices to keep the wolf from the door.

But this is only a tithe of what women complain. We would have you live under a government which systematically defrauds you, and always has done so, making the antiquity of the crime its excuse. We would have you ruled without your consent for one day—be taxed without being represented. Bonaparte said to Mme. de Condorcet, the widow of the philosopher, "I do not like women who meddle in politics." To which she replied instantly, "Ah, mon General, as long as you men take a fancy to cut off our heads now and then, we want to know why you do it." For a single day we should like to see all the sacred interests of the other sex life, liberty, property, consigned to the hands of woman. Let women sit upon juries and try men in our courts of justice, awarding their punishments, fines, imprisonments and death. Let female legislators enact laws giving the man's property into the hands of the wife, and upon her death allot him one-third of the estate, while the rest of the money he has helped to earn goes to distant family connections. Let her make restrictions such as are made in some of the States for wives, so that he could will only one-half of his property, or rent but one of his houses without his wife's consent, and then give her the power to dispose of her children so that her husband could have no control over them.

Let men, in the mass, be disfranchised; let the ballot be wholly taken away from them; let women canvass, vote, elect each other to office, receive all the public emoluments without their interference or approval. We should then see whether there is anything in the ballot. We should then understand what the boasted male liberties are for which men have declared themselves ready to shed their blood. Those liberties are only worthless when women are striving to attain them for themselves.

In Boston, it is said, women pay taxes on $40,000,000. Let $40,000,000 of taxable male property in the same city, be controlled by women. Let them gather what sums they please, leaving the owners no ground for redress in case of extortion, and if payment is refused let the property be sold under the hammer.

Julia Ward Howe recently stated that in Massachuseets, by the law, the widowed mother, on her second marriage, might be deprived of her first children. Now reverse the situation, and wherever woman stands written over against disabilities, abuses, frauds, the disregard of natural and acquired claims, write the name of man. Hang the picture up before the face of every man in the land, and let him through this changed image of himself see woman as she actually is without the power to protect her most sacred interests, without appeal from the laws he has made, either purposely or ignorantly for her oppression, and ask himself whether he is doing as he would be done by in like case when he hounds down the women who dare claim their rights to the privileges of citizenship.

CLEAN HOUSES.

A house as sweet and clean as a rose, fresh aired, sunny and well arranged, exerts the best moral influence over its inmates, and those who are admitted as guests. There are dwellings where cleanliness is made a scourge that drives out all ease and comfort. Deliver us from habitations where disobedience to the injunction, "wipe your feet on the door-mat," is a greater crime than disobedience to the cardinal points of the decalogue. Deliver us from being pilloried in the superneat notions of small natured women, who have the dread of fly-specks on the brain. This is the mint and anise of neatness, but far from the law and gospel of good housekeeping.

When we speak of a clean house we do not mean a refrigerator or stone vault, where the inmates are continually doing penance. There are houses so painfully clean and rigid they repress every natural emotion. It counts as a crime to laugh out loud in their walls; childish glee and noise seem iniquitous. Such are the shaded sunless sort of houses where young people grow up silent, nerveless and pallid, and old people mould and mildew mentally. There is the subtlest sympathy between the house and the people who live in it. Diseased neatness is churlish and mean. It begrudges a ray of sunshine that flecks the carpet, or a breath of air that sprinkles furniture with an infinitesimal portion of dust. So it is with the people themselves. They are contracted and hide-bound. They live in a nut-shell, and have no more idea of the abounding wealth and loveliness of the universe than the mole that burrows under ground.

In the country, among what are called the natives, we pass numerous houses that look perfectly dead—blinds closed, windows shut, curtains drawn, the whole front dark and cheerless. There are the trees waving outside, birds singing, the blue sky laughing over its whole expanse, but the house stands unresponsive and sullen. Now we know that in many such dwellings the women are drudging their lives out cleaning rooms to shut them up again until next cleaning day. We know they would better bear almost any other than the charge of uncleanliness, but still their houses are not clean. No dwelling is clean where the air habitually stagnates, and the nose is offended every time you open the front door. Well scrubbed paint and spotless windows offer no excuse for foul air, and the majority of neat houses, so called, are not half ventilated; peoples' senses get so thoroughly demoralized, they prefer an atmosphere that has been partially breathed over to the lung tonic of heaven's own oxygen.

City houses are especially open to this imputation. You enter the hall. Pugh! the ghosts of dozens of departed dinners assail your olfactories. The scent of the torment of soup and boiling vegetables rises forever and eddies round the top story in an immortality of torture to those whose breathing organs are not dead in trespasses and sins. Can a refined taste help being shocked at the discrepancies between Axminster carpets and boiled cabbage, or satin damask and that lowly esculent, the potato? yet there are costly parlors where day by day the family dinner is announced to the nostrils and the lungs as plainly as if the bill of fare were placarded on the wall.

Ventilation is shamefully neglected. People are poisoned slowly in churches, halls and theatres, but worse than all the process goes on in their houses—in their living and sleeping rooms. Who can tell how much morbid fibre and diseased nerve-power comes from the stale air of rooms? Who can tell how much stupidity, ill-nature, irritability, unreasonableness comes from the same cause? No house is clean that is but half-supplied with fresh air, and no house is wholesome that is not flooded with sunshine. Houses need the chemical deodorizing influences of the blessed sunlight as much as the turf and vegetation which are always sweet. It is not half as well understood as it ought to be, that peaceful, gentle feelings, kindliness, good will, and a constant cheerful flow of spirits are vastly dependent upon the kind of houses in which we live and the manner in which they are ordered.

Do not barricade your houses against air and sunshine as if they were enemies, but invite them in as blessed guests.

GARDEN HOMESTEADS.

Miss Ann Phelps has started a farming scheme to be carried out in the vicinity of Boston. She wants the Legislature of Massachusetts to purchase a tract of good culturable land to be laid out in lots of from half an acre to five acres, with houses, to be leased to poor women of Boston, to whom the State would be willing to furnish rations, seeds, and instruction in agriculture, until such time as they could raise their own food, and otherwise become self-supporting. The payment of rent she proposes to have begun the third year, and in such a way that each woman would eventually pay for her place, or, if

thought preferable, each lot may be held in trust by the State for the sole benefit of the woman who has paid for it. Miss Phelps also desires that these homesteads should be exempt from taxation and from all process of debt, and that the title to them should be non-transferable to any male person whatsoever.

She stated to the Legislature that there are 20,000 women employed in Boston at starvation prices, and if the state can not procure them kind husbands and comfortable homes, it ought not to leave them unprovided for. The danger which looms up in Miss Phelps, mind is, that when she gets her single woman's paradise in full blast, men will be running after these lucky women, and will marry them for a home. The State will have to pass a marriage qualification bill for its proteges, forbidding any of them to marry a man not possessed of an equal amount of worldly goods with herself. This would have a tendency to check the mercenary propensities of male prowlers around the homestead dove-cots. Something must be done to prevent the scheme from injuring the pristine purity of the male nature.

Miss Phelps offers a pleasant bit of Utopia to one's imagination. We fancy the worn woman in the garret quitting her slop work; the shop girl leaving her counter; the fagged dressmaker's apprentice abandoning those everlasting ruffles, and puffs, and bands, and plaits, and setting out in an army for the garden homesteads, where cabbages would alternate with roses, and onions grow cheek by jowl with violets. For the "Song of the Shirt" we should have bird music and "Come into the Garden, Maud," provided such an aristocratic name were to be found; and the needle would be changed into pruning hooks, and the measuring stick if not into plough shares, at least into hoes and spades.

If the glorious old Bay State will do this thing for her daughters, we and all the women of the land will rise up and call her blessed.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

It is pleasant to think of a good life, well rounded with useful and compensating work, done always in the service of right. Many who knew Mr. Burleigh personally, through that partial sort of acquaintance which makes a journalist's name familiar as household words to hundreds or thousands he has never seen, will feel that he died too young. Others who had the privilege of social intercourse with him, who remember his fine face and snow-white hair and merry word, will perhaps indulge in the same thought. Fifty-nine is the sunny slope of middle life to many men, and that was Mr. Burleigh's age when he passed away from earth last week, at his residence in Brooklyn.

Still, it is certain that his life garnered a rich sheaf. He must have been born with that moral rectitude and clear vision which made him a consistent reformer from the first. His name is linked with Anti-slavery and Temperance, and all the progressive movements of the age had his hearty sympathy and co-operation. It is well to be converted from false or narrow opinions to truer and broader ones; but it is better still not to need conversion, to be instinctively allied to the right, and, so far as we know, this can be said of Mr. Burleigh.

As a poet, Mr. Burleigh was much esteemed, although he shed his poetical thoughts abroad through the newspapers much as the tree casts down its rich leaves in October. His best verses appear to have been struck off in the heat of mental enthusiasm rather than to have flowed from soft and sensuous emotions. Mrs. Celia Burleigh intends to collect her late husband's poetical writings, and publish them in a volume. Mrs. Burleigh is herself one of the most graceful and earnest advocates of woman's rights, and a writer of a high order. Thousands who have listened to her persuasive eloquence will sympathize with her in this affliction which she is called upon now to bear.

It is enough to say of Mr. Burleigh that he lived bravely and honestly. His brain was overtasked, and he might perhaps have lingered out long years of slow decay had not the end come now which we can but think was as beneficent as his life was fair, wholesome and consistent.

Miscellany.

A SUCCESSFUL "OIL" WOMAN.

A novelty in feminine enterprise has attracted much attention among the petroleum oil dealers here. A New York lady, the wife of Mr. John Hoope, who had been operating in the oil regions the past three years, while visiting Titusville and the wells through the country, was presented with a lease to put down a "ladies' well." The liberal donor is Mr. James S. McCray, owner of one of the most prolific farms in the oil regions. The only terms and conditions are that it must be entirely a ladies' enterprise—no gentlemen to be interested. Mr. McCray is the happy recipient of $7,000 a day income from his wells at Petroleum Centre. Mrs. Hoope contracted for engine house, derrick, and all needed carpenter work; purchased the engine, casing, and other machinery; employed drillers, engineers and other workmen to "run the well."

Mrs. Hoope associated with her own the capital of some lady partners, and successfully finished the well on the 1st of December. It is now pumping one hundred and fifty barrels of oil a day. At present prices this investment yields five hundred dollars every twenty-four hours. After paying royalty to the wife of the land owner (for whom the well is named "Lady McCray") and current expenses, the fair capitalists are realizing a handsome income on their enterprise. The well is eight hundred and eighty-six feet deep, and the third, or sand rock, is forty-two feet thick. With Spring and moderate weather, another well will probably be drilled, under the same supervision, on this lease, and it is hoped with an equally favorable result.—*Home Journal.*

THE BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER.

Pause a moment, and give one sigh to this victim of poverty! It is cruel, pinching, merciless poverty that has made and keeps her what she is. To succeed in her department, she needs financial and executive abilities. Ten to one, she has neither. She is there, simply because she cannot starve. The wolf is always at her door. She is never out of sight of the baleful glare of his eyes. She is taking in less money than it costs her to live, and eventually will fail. She knows it, but by every device in her power staves off the dreadful, inevitable moment. Each day is a terror. What is stigmatized as a meanness, is an agony; what is denounced in her as malice, is desperation. To live well, and suit the differing tastes of fifteen or twenty persons, in a city where every article is adulterated, and butchers, bakers, and grocers, build blocks of houses out of their profits, requires time, energy, intelligence, firmness, great inventive power, money, and genius; and every third woman left destitute, no matter how ignorant, nervous, and undisciplined, rushes into the business! What wonder that these martyrs are among the best-abused women of the day, and that, in course of time, they are apt to merit the worst that is said of them.

Book Table.

Poems. By Lucretia Maria Davidson. With illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Edited by M. Oliver Davidson. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press; 1871.

We are glad to have the productions of perhaps the most precocious female genius America has yet produced, presented to us in this beautiful form. The volume is dainty and exquisite, with twelve of Darley's illustrations, mannered and Darleyish to perhaps an unusual degree, but still possessing all the spirit, clearness and point for which the veteran draughtsman is so justly celebrated. It is difficult to decide whether a thoughtful person contemplates with more of admiration or of sadness the wonderful maturity of this child's genius. Before the age of fourteen she wrote verses, of which Robert Southey said in the London *Quarterly Review:* "In these poems there is enough of originality, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons and the friends and parents of the deceased could have formed." It must be remembered that this young prodigy passed away from earth before she had attained the age of seventeen. During her brief existence, she penned two hundred and seventy-eight pieces of various lengths, including at least five regular poems of several cantos each, and left three unfinished romances and a complete tragedy composed at the age of thirteen. This vast fertility would itself be astonishing; but when taken in connection with the melody, sweetness and insight of much that she wrote, the wonder becomes unbounded. Were we a believer in a theory which has gained much ground in the present day, we should find ourself ready to declare that Lucretia Davidson was inspired by something extraneous—outside of herself, and did not understand much that she wrote. She affords a marked instance of inspirational genius that has no need of learning, and commands all needful knowledge by some unknown means. The ripeness of thought and depth of experience, revealed by glimpses, as it were, in some of the lines that appear to have been struck off with the greatest ease, might have emanated from the mature mind of a man of insight and high philosophy. It is this maturity that makes one's heart ache. We feel from the first that there is the mark of death upon it. When the beautiful young girl, so like a spirit that has brushed this earthly existence with the tip of its wing, comes home from her first ball, and sits down to moralize on the fleeting nature of pleasure, in verses that ought to belong to gray hairs and worldly satiety, we feel the emotion that brings tears. There are defects of a glaring kind, no doubt, in the productions of this marvellous child, but criticism stands before her work, as before the muse of Chatterton—quite dumb. The feeling strongly excited is that of awe. Her exquisite nature, attuned to every pure emotion, found a warm, sheltered home nook in which to expand. Her mother was a superior woman, and the bond between her and her gifted child was of the tenderest kind. It is to be regretted that Lucretia was too early subjected to the routine and exactions of a school course. It was like putting a wild, sweet songster of the wood and sky in cage. Such a child as this could teach as the Master taught when his mother

returned and found him disputing with the elders. She ate the bread of knowledge that ordinary minds wot not of, and the restraint and pressure of educational methods could only have the most disastrous effect upon so exquisite an organization. She was placed in Mrs. Willard's school at Troy, and incident to the arduous study and exactions of examination, fell ill of the disease of which she died. Her sister Margaret, on whose shoulders Lucretia's song-mantle appeared to fall, was only two years old at the time of this sad event. Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have in preparation a volume of Margaret's poems uniform with this. We should be glad to quote largely from the book before us, but can only find room for a few stanzas from an exquisite little poem called "To a Star":

"Thou brightly glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of Heaven,
Oh, were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee!

"How calmly, brightly dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine;
Sure, the fair world which thou mayst boast
Was never ransomed never lost.

"Their beings, pure as Heaven's own air;
Their hopes, their joys together share,
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing."

DEATH OF MRS. A. J. BOYER.

BY LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

The Dayton, Ohio, papers announce the death of this most estimable lady, which sad event occurred on Sunday evening the 12th inst. Mrs. Boyer was known to a great many who never met her personally as the "dear Maggie" of her husband's heart and pen.

Always frail and delicate, and conscious that her earthly stay would be a brief one, she devoted her every moment to the happiness of her husband and only child. But though she sedulously avoided any appearance of a public life, the source of her husband's inspiration became as famous as he was popular, and throughout the West her death is felt as a severe loss.

A firm friend of the woman movement, she seconded every effort put forth for its success, and in her own life exemplified the truest type of womanhood; and, while we naturally mourn for her, and feel deep sympathy for her husband and friends, we are yet thankful that her physical sufferings are at an end, and are consoled at her loss when we remember the perfect work she has performed. Few women have been more fortunate in the possession of those personal characteristics which tend to make life pleasant, and in the appreciation which, as a wife, she received from her husband.

A novel feature of her funeral was that the officiating minister was a woman, and all the pall-bearers were young married ladies.

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